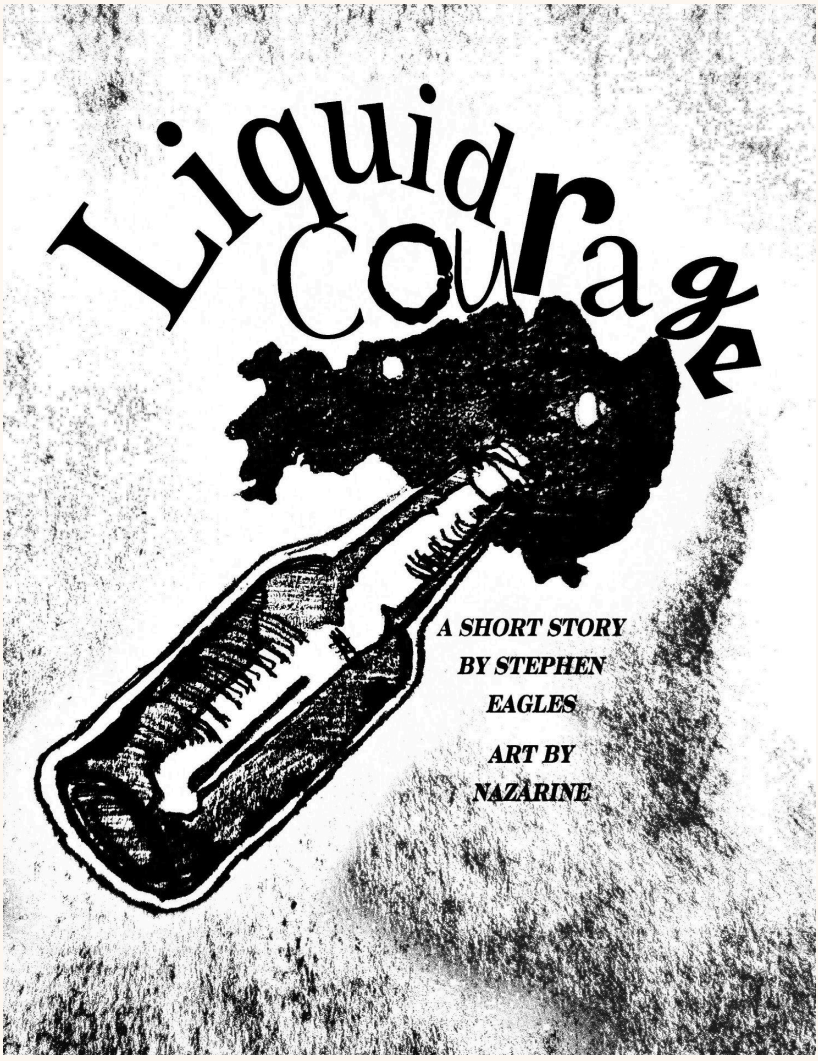

Liquid Courage

I was one year into this new city. At 23, I had never slept with a woman. I worked at a bar

close to the room I rented hoping that it would fix my social inadequacy. It was only a few blocks away.

My life was filled with bad habits. I had begun to notice how often I compared myself to others. I realized that I needed to learn how to socialize, adapt to this new era. If I ever planned on having any friends, or the guts to lose my virginity, I would need to actually *try*.

It was winter and I didnt have a car, but luckily, the city I lived in was walkable (for the most part). So, I frequented the bar a block away from my job.

The bar was called Home Sour Home.

The bar was ok. No one really spoke to me there. After all my attempted conversations with people, it never worked. So after 11 months of trying, I just started going in there to get glasses of Jack and Coke with my headphones on, alone. I lacked faith in myself.

The bar was always dimmed, no matter the season, but for the winter that year it fit very well. I was there for maybe 40 or so minutes and I began to get drunk. The bartender didn't care. So I decided after my three drinks to switch it up.

I changed to beer. Miller Lite!

Oh Millie, how I love you...

After a bit of listening to the same song over again I took my headphones off. I looked to my right and noticed this woman. She had long black hair, pale skin, and a black dress that hugged her frame, tied together with a red belt.

She had style. Everything. Head to toe. What she had on fit her perfectly, like a glove. She looked as if the word *style* needed her to be understood.

I glanced at her often. She looked over at me a few times. Probably just to pay attention to her surroundings.

But ya see? I was drunk. This only fed into my delusion.

She wanted me! Is what I thought. So I needed to be a man and go up to her!

And so I did. I stood up from my bar seat. Kept balance and moved a few seats closer to her. I didn't say a word yet and she was just on her phone scrolling. I noticed her eyes glancing to the left, very confused.

I said to her confidently, “Hey, what's your name?”

“Alison.” She replied.

“That's a good name.”

“Thanks I didn't pick it.”

“Let your parents know I said ‘thank you.’”

She laughed, “Okay, so what's your name?”

“David.”

She looked at me and we shook hands. I got a good look on her face. Beauty. Cinderella would be put to shame.

Her lips were nice. Her skin was clear. Her cheeks were just so, so right. But her eyes. Her eyes! A woman having nice lips was one thing (I loved kissing), but a woman with a beautiful set of eyes? That did something more to me. I dreamt of lying with her, kissing her, hovering above her and watching her pupils dilate. I could see her jaw dropping, eyes widening- that look of pure shock, of a woman experiencing ecstasy. Because I am the best she’s ever had. And then, I’d feel myself falling. Falling into her amber, blue, green, brown, or whatever color those eyes might be.

“Do you live here?” She asked me.

“Yeah. Do you?”

“No, just visiting for a work trip.”

She looked me up and down, her gaze lingering on my boots before locking onto mine. Her wide eyes swept over me like a broom, as if

she was inspecting a used car and deciding if I came with too many issues.

She downed her drink after that.

“The town’s pretty isn't it?”

“Yeah”, she said. “It's not too bad.”

I got this weird boost of energy. I was doing it. I was talking to a woman with confidence. That's all I needed. The courage.

She ordered another drink. I downed my beer and realized what I needed. More Millie!

The bartender gave me another. I leaned to her so we could cheers one another. She gave me this seductive smile.

That did it for me.

I told her, “Look, I need to tell you something.”

“Okay tell me.”

“I love you…”

She laughed, “That's funny.”

I played it off pretty good but those words legitimately just came out of me. She fully turned her body towards me.

“There's something about your presence that's very appealing.”

I almost spat out my drink.

“Really!?” I asked.

“Yeah, I find what you’re doing attractive.”

“What do you find attractive?”

“Effort.”

“Ohhh.”

“‘*Ohhh*’? What? You don't get compliments often?”

“I get a lot of other things often.”

“Hm?”

“Hangovers.”

“Ohhh.” she giggled after.

It was all working. I didn’t know what her intentions were, but I knew I was finally doing something out of the ordinary for myself. Plus, she was hot as hell!

I looked at the potion. Millie was doing me wonders. That was the thing about drinking. It gave you the confidence to be able to do things that you think you couldn’t do when you were sober. I could take over the world when I was drunk. I could beat up any guy in this bar. I could get any girl's number. I could finally parallel park a car!

I noticed her eyes widened. After chugging my drink I burped. I felt like a tank. I didn't know where this came from but I said, “Look babe. I know what I want. I want you tonight. Only you and I want to give you something you won't ever forget.”

“Oh yeah?”

“What I'm going to do to you will be remembered for a lifetime.”

“Proceed.”

“It's going to cross your mind daily. At Least once a day. And even when you're near 90 years old. While you are staring into your beautiful garden of roses from your big home and tall ceilings and nice windows. It’ll still cross your mind. The way we made something older than love.”

I was a little impressed by myself after saying all of that. I did a little dance in my head.

She straightened up,”Finally…” She said, with a mischievous grin.

“What?”

She looked at me seriously, “I have been waiting patiently for this moment to manifest, to experience something I have yet to encounter. If what you're suggesting is genuine, then I require it. It is the only means by which I can achieve my ultimate fulfillment.”

She looked into my eyes, sipping her drink.

I stayed silent looking at her confused.

“So, what actions shall we take? Where do we begin to initiate this??”

I'm starting to lose grip of what was going on. Felt like there was tension wrapped with thorns between us now. Could she sense my nervousness? Did she know I was a virgin? Did she know I don't have a bed frame?!

“I wish to see what you are truly capable of. I am fatigued, searching, and driven by urgency. I desire this tonight; I must seize this opportunity.”

I stayed silent. Questioning if she was a spy.

No, no. Get it together David! She was just a beautiful, smart woman. She knew what sex felt like. I didn't. She probably knew how to use a dick way better than I would if she had one. Oh fuck. There's no way I could satisfy her!

My tummy started rumbling. I could hear my heart beating in my head.

“So, David, shall we have one more drink here, or would you prefer to continue at your place? The 'engagement,' if you will.”

This woman sure did know how to talk. Maybe most girls spoke like that. I wouldn't know...

I began thinking. She must read books and send out important emails to her job. Knows how to use a semicolon in a sentence properly. I haven't read a book since

highschool. There's no chance in hell for me. I felt small, like a shriveled dick but I also felt something else. I could feel a warm fart brewing...

“I've got to go.” I said.

“Huh?”

I stood up. Ran to the bathroom and pushed down my pants. I didn't bother even unbuckling my belt. Sat on the toilet. It all came out. It was warm and filled with nervousness leaving out my body.

I’d like to think it’s all my flaws getting expelled.

A few moments of tears passed because it started to burn. I felt I needed to rest after. But then someone tried opening the door and I screamed and they stopped. I can smell the anxious shit in the bathroom filling the space.

I stood up to wipe and turned to throw away the toilet paper. Not sure if my eyes were deceiving me, but it was almost like I could see the fumes from the turds coming from the inside of the toilet bowl.

Pure sadness.

Sadness came to me once I flushed it all away...

There was no way I would ever lose my virginity that year. Another loss I will have to take. I stared down at the floor tiles. At least this bathroom floor was not gross like most bars.

I opened the door and saw a man about 50 years old was out there waiting so he could use the toilet next.

I told him, “I'd light some matches before going in there.”

His face had disgust. He licked the bottom parts of his gray thick bushy mustache and walked away to the barside.

I left my tip at the bar and noticed she was gone. That gave me a bit of comfort. I left and stood outside for a minute and it started raining lightly. My stomach was still hurting. I walked for a bit, then felt this warm feeling of gas coming again. I tried to let it out but to my doom, it wasn't a fart. It was just a nasty wet one that came out.

I accidentally stepped into a big brown puddle getting my socks wet. Feeling the warm liquid between my ass.

It was another wet day.

One thing that stays consistent in my life is the unexpected shit I have to deal with.